

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Speaker Clark Robs Congressmen of Pleasures

WASHINGTON.—"And while the chair is about it, he will suggest that it is a good thing for members to keep their feet down from the tops of the seats." Thus spoke Speaker Clark, scolding his colleagues as a schoolmaster chides errant children. Some of the house members were violating house rules by smoking in the chamber, despite the rigorous censorship on smoking upheld by the doorkeeper and his minions. Speaker Clark, himself a strict observer of the house rules in every sense of the word, rose upon the rostrum, gavel in hand, at the close of a vote on one of the bills, and said:

"Before taking up the next bill the chair desires to make a statement. The rules of the house prohibit smoking inside this hall. Complaint has been made more than once about the violation of this rule. Now there is plenty of space outside for gentlemen to smoke."

"And while the chair is about it, he will suggest that it is a good thing for members to keep their feet down from the tops of seats."

Thus he robs members of one of the pleasures of legislative life. The seats are comfortable and the back of the chair in front is just the place to rest a pair of No. 11's.

Members from the West seem to have taken to the practice of placing feet on the backs of chairs just as readily as they would hang them on the railing of the country hotel back home.

People from all over the world have seen congressional feet on the tops of chair seats and have gone away, noting in their travelogue diaries that it is one of the sights of the American legislature.

Hereafter it will be a bold congressman (or a new one) who will dare to rest his brogans on the chair of the fellow in front of him.

Little White House Baby Poses for His Picture

ON the day when Francis Sayre, the eleventh baby born in the White House, was a week old he was presented with an effigy of a Princeton tiger, that he might be influenced in his youth toward seeking an education within the institution recently under the guidance of his famous grandfather. Then he was furnished with a pair of boxing gloves, that, as his grandfather the president said, he might learn to "strike out for himself" in due season. Next came to the White House a serviceable pair of blue jeans overalls that he might ever be reminded that he is to be one of the great mass of working people on whom the welfare of the republic depends. He posed for the camera as evidence that he and his relatives appreciate the fact that he is a real White House baby and that all the people of the United States are interested in him.

These pictures were intended only for distribution among members of the presidential family. When the photographers got their opportunity they took many snaps at the defenseless infant.

That's a pretty good record for one week for any baby that hasn't yet learned to make a speech, that isn't yet insured by the customary White House habit of being interviewed regularly, but he's growing. That much may be admitted on no less authority than that of the president himself.

Of course the younger started with a handicap. Everyone thought naturally that he would be named after his distinguished grandfather, but grandfather had something to say about that. He wanted to give the little fellow a "square deal" and start even with the world, so he was finally named Francis Sayre.

Though there have been eleven White House babies, all of whom have prospered, there was but one child of a president born within the executive mansion. That was Miss Esther Cleveland.

Secretary Daniels Is Proud of These Five Middies

SECRETARY DANIELS has received from the naval academy at Annapolis a photograph of which he is extremely proud. Those to whom he displayed it at the navy department were willing to bet that the picture represented a quintette of middies at the academy. The secretary admitted that they were middies, full-fledged, and possessed of all the other qualifications and prerogatives of any other midshipmen, and yet they were different, in the sense that these five middies had won their way into the academy by competitive examination from the ranks of the enlisted personnel of the naval service. They were the first five enlisted men to enter the naval academy from the ranks of the navy under the newly enacted law of 1914, which permits 15 enlisted men to enter the academy from the service every year.

The enlisted men who may be admitted to the academy under this law must be citizens of the United States, not over twenty years of age, they must have served at least one year in the navy, and they are subject to the same physical and mental examinations as are required for all other nominees, presidential and congressional. They are obliged to conform to the standards as apply to all other midshipmen.

The naval appropriation bill was not passed by the senate until June 2, 1914. The examinations for enlisted men were held on August 3, 1914, just two months later. In view of the limited time that candidates had to prepare for the examinations, it is regarded as gratifying that as many as five candidates succeeded in meeting all the requirements. By the time the next examination is held, April 5, 1915, candidates will have had additional time in which to prepare, and it is expected that the number of candidates will be greatly increased.

Would Not Break Rule for President's Daughter

EVERY employee and a large number of the members of the house are talking today about the nerve displayed by a capital elevator man named Kenner in refusing to allow Mrs. McAdoo, wife of the secretary of the treasury, to ride in his car. The elevator runs in a shaft on the outside of which, on every floor, is a sign reading: "Exclusively for members of congress and the press."

Mrs. McAdoo, accompanied by several friends, approached the elevator on the gallery floor and rang the bell. Kenner, the elevator man, pulled the car up from the main floor, but he saw in the group of waiting visitors neither a member of congress nor a newspaper man. "You cannot ride in this car," he said, refusing to open the gate. "Why not?" asked one of the men in the party.

"But you don't understand," said the spokesman. "This is the party of Mrs. McAdoo, daughter of the president and wife of the secretary of the treasury."

"Yes, I do understand; I know Mrs. McAdoo every time I see her; but my orders from the speaker of this house are to obey that sign."

With that he jerked the controller back and the car sank to its resting place on the main floor. Mrs. McAdoo's party then descended in a neighboring public elevator.

Humorous.
She—I was so glad to meet Mrs. Blank at the bargain sale this morning.
He—But I thought you detested her.
She—I do; that's why I was glad. During the crush I found a chance to give her a few real good pokes.

Family Currency.
A young wife, being twopenny short in paying a bill, called downstairs to the cook—"Maggie, have you got a couple of coppers downstairs?"
"Yes, ma'am," replied Maggie.
"They are cousins of mine."—London Tit-Bits.

RUE JEANNE D'ARC! AH, HOW ABOUT IT?

Tragedy in French Town as Overheard in Cafe of the Golden Lion.

SCENE AT APERITIF HOUR

Mme. la Patronne Tells How the Uhlans, in Lordly Fashion, Paid for the Drinks She Served Them.

Paris.—We were sitting in a cafe at the aperitif hour—an hour that survives the war. We were in a city of good size in northern France, famous for both cathedral and cheese. It was then a principal haven for refugees and an evacuation center for wounded. The Germans had been there, but the patronne of the Cafe du Lion d'Or narrated constantly, but now the battle lines were some distance away. If the wind happened from the right direction, when the noise of the city was silenced by military order at nightfall, the haunting boom—boom—boom of heavy artillery could be heard faintly. No one who has heard that sound ever forgets it. Dynamite blasting sounds just about the same, but in the sound of artillery, when one knows that it is artillery, there seems so much the knell of doom.

The cafe was crowded. The fat face of the patronne was wreathed in smiles. Anyone is mistaken who imagines that all northern France is lost from human view in a dense rolling cloud of smoke. At any rate, in the Cafe du Lion d'Or one looked upon life unchanged. True, there were some new customers in the place of old ones. There were a half dozen soldiers in khaki, and we of the American ambulance column, dressed in the same cloth. In a corner sat a young lieutenant in the gorgeous blue of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, drinking vermouth with a grizzled captain of artillery. Other French uniforms dotted the place. The "honest bourgeois" were all there—the chief supports of the establishment in peace or war. They missed the evening aperitif during the twelve days of German occupation, but now all were in their accustomed places. For the places of old-timers are sacred at the Lion d'Or.

Took Husband's Place.

Mme. la Patronne acted in place of her husband, who was now safely serving in the cooking department of the army, some kilometers from the firing line. Madame sat contentedly at the cash counter, superintending the activities of two youthful, inexperienced garcons. The old waiters, Jean and Andre, vanished into the "zone of military activity" on the first day of the war. After several post cards Jean had not been heard from. Andre was killed at the battle of the Marne.

We had heard the garulous tale of the German occupation many times. It was thrillingly revealed both at the Restaurant du Commerce and the Hotel du Soleil. At the Lion d'Or it was Madame's absorbing theme when not haranguing the new waiters—or counting change. Madame remained throughout the trouble. "But yes, to be sure." She was not the woman to flee and leave the Lion d'Or to the invaders. Her ample form was firmly ensconced behind the cash counter when the first of the uhlans entered. There were officers, and—wonder of wonders—they spoke French. The new waiters were hiding in the cellar, so Madame clambered from her chair with dignity and placed glasses and

LEADS "SOIREE ARTISTIQUE"

Where the Tragedy Comes.

The speakers were two Frenchmen of middle age—fat and bearded. They were dressed in ordinary black, but wore it with ceremonial rather than conventional manner. The atmosphere of the city did not seem upon them. They might rather be the butcher and the grocer of a small town. One of the pair had sat alone for some time before the second arrived. I had noticed him. He seemed to have no acquaintances in the place—which was unusual. He drank two cognacs in rapid succession—which was still more unusual. One drink always satisfies a Frenchman at the aperitif hour—and it is very seldom cognac.

When the second man entered the other started from his seat and held out both hands eagerly. "So you got out safe?" were the words I heard, but our crowd was hurrying toward the door, and I lost the actual greeting. I ordered another vermouth and waited.

The two men were seated opposite each other. The first man nervously motioned to the waiter and the newcomer gave his order. It was plain that they were both excited, but the table adjoining was unoccupied, so they clapped no attention. The noisy waiter, slapping bottles on the table, drowned out the next few sentences. Then I heard the second man: "So I got out first, but you managed to get here yesterday—a day in advance."

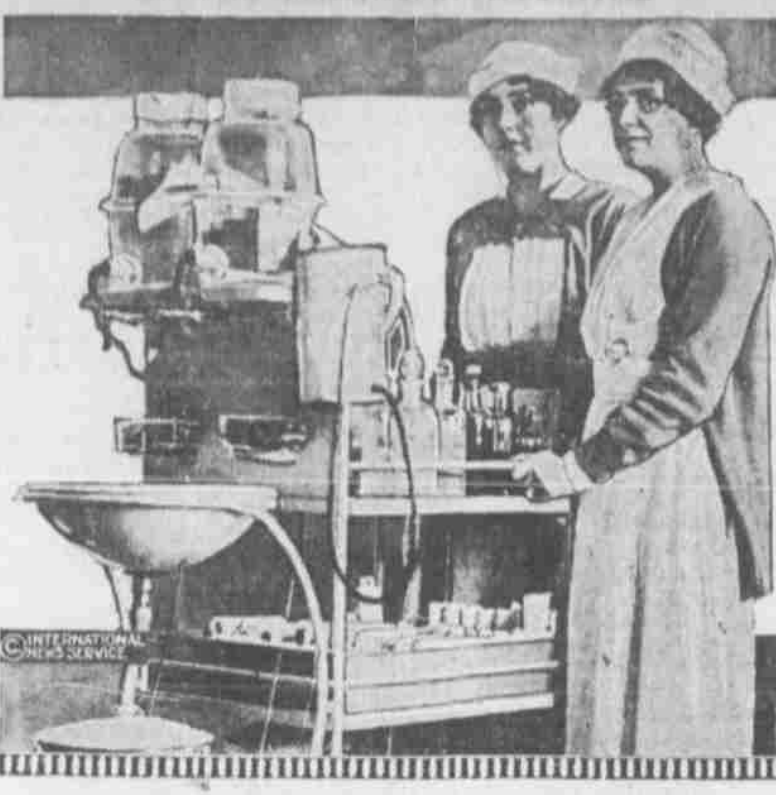
The other replied: "I was lucky enough to get a horse. They were shelling the market place when I left." The second man gulped his drink and plucked nervously at the other's sleeve. "My wife is at the hotel," he almost mumbled the words. "I must

TALCUM POWDER AS WEAPON

Started Girl Hurts In Face of Assaultant, and Makes Her Escape.

Chester, Pa.—Hurling a package of talcum powder that she was carrying in her hand into the face of a man who grabbed her the other night, Miss Sibina Winters was able to break loose from the man and make her escape. The girl told the police that she

IN THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL



Miss Vera Arkwright, granddaughter of the duke of Cambridge, at left, and Mrs. Whitney of New York working in the American hospital in Paris.

drink before them. And then—would wonders never cease?—these Germans had actually paid—even overpaid, ma foi—for one of them fang a golden half-ouls on the counter and stalked from the place, refusing change.

Of course at the Hotel de Ville the invaders behaved differently. There the mayor was called upon for one million francs—war indemnity. But that was a matter for the city's concern and not the individual. Madame still had that golden half-ouls and would show it if we cared to see. Gold was scarce and exceedingly precious. The sight of it was good.

Unanimity of the War.

Now the Germans were gone—forced out, grace a Dieu, so the good citizens no longer lived in the cellars. They were again in their places at the Lion d'Or, sipping vermouth and offering gratitude to the military regime that had the decency to allow cafes open until eight o'clock. Outside the night was cold and a fine drizzle beat against the windows. Several newcomers shivered and remarked that it must be terrible in the trenches. But the electric lights, the clinking glasses on the marble tables, the rattling coins soon brought them into the general line of speculation on how long it would take to drive the Germans from France.

For a hundred years the cafes have been the forum of France. The Lion d'Or had for that entire period been the scene of fierce verbal encounters between members of more political and religious faiths than exist in any other nation of the world. Every Frenchman no matter how humble in position or purse has decided opinions about something. But now the voices in the Lion d'Or arose only in appellations concerning les Boches. There was unanimity of opinion on the absorbing subject of the war.

The members of the American ambulance column sat at a table near the door. Our khaki always brought looks of friendly interest. Almost everyone thought us to be English, and those who learned the truth were always distinctly pleased. We finished the aperitif and consulted about dinner. We were off duty—we might either return for the army mess or buy our own meal at the restaurant. We paid the garcon and decided upon the restaurant—a few doors away. Several of the men were struggling into their rubber coats. I told them that I would follow shortly. I had just caught a sentence that thrilled me. It held a note of mystery—or tragedy. It brought life out of the commonplace normality of the aperitif hour at the Lion d'Or.

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TO FORETELL FUTURE

USE OF WHITE OF EGG IS RECOMMENDED.

Those Who Are Tired of the Familiar Methods of Cards and Tea Grounds Might Find Some Amusement in the Practice.

This is one of the least known of all methods of foretelling the future, according to the ancient, secret wisdom of prophetic insight. Yet it is one of the most interesting, and easy to perform—though, of course, like all methods of the kind, some skill and practice are necessary in order to interpret quickly and speedily the symbolic interpretations of the signs presented, writes Prof. Sothnos Lalilifer in the New York American.

In order to practice this part of callistic interpretation, you must procure a fresh egg—as new-laid as possible—and carefully separate the white of the egg from the yolk. Nearly fill a tumbler with cold water and drop the white of the egg into it, a drop at a time. Now place this glass carefully aside for 24 hours, being sure to cover the glass carefully, and that the water does not become warmed by proximity to a radiator, etc.

When you again look at the glass, you will find that your white of egg has congealed into various odd-shaped figures—circles, squares, animals, trees, crosses, etc.—which are to be interpreted according to the formula that follows.

Long, wavy lines denote losses and troubles; straight lines, on the contrary, denoting peace, long life, prosperity and happiness.

Squares denote peace and happiness; a ring, marriage. If a letter can be discovered near the ring this will be the first letter of the name of the person you are to marry. If clouds are about the ring, think long and carefully before accepting this person, even if he offers marriage.

If a leaf is seen, speedy good fortune will come your way from some unexpected source. If an anchor is seen, fidelity in love is indicated. If a dog is seen, this is a good sign, if near the top of the glass, denoting faithful friends; if near the middle, doubtful ones; and if near the bottom, enemies to be avoided.

A lily or similar flower foretells happiness, if near the top of the glass; disappointment if near the bottom. If a number of small dots or spots are present, money is coming your way, unless clouds surround them, in which case you will receive bad tidings and notice of losses. A heart denotes a love letter which you will shortly receive. The sun, moon or stars denote happiness and success.

The Freaks Must Go.

The secretary of the Minnesota state fair is authority for the statement that the "freak" show and the sensational side show will not have place in the state fairs of 1915. This form of entertainment is to be replaced by educational exhibitions, the step having been decided on by the American Association of Fairs and Expositions in convention at Chicago.

It will be a great relief if the minds of children are not to be abnormally stimulated by these morbid, not to say revolting, sights. The idea that the poor monstrosities of nature should be exploited by means of their deformities is repulsive and productive of no good. The practice of allowing fakery to grow fat off proceeds from "showing" these unfortunate is a species of barbarism.

The atmosphere that pervades state fairs is as wholesome as that which surrounds any of our national institutions, and it has always been a wrong to vitiate it by the clinical features of a freak show.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Quaint Idea.

A new idea was introduced in the display of the wedding gifts at a recent New York wedding—the reproduction, namely, in exquisite miniature, of the gifts that were too huge to be displayed on the black oak tables in the hall.

Thus one of the gifts was an old English manor house. Reproduced to the last detail in a two-foot model, the gray manor house of the sixteenth century struck, amongst the pearls and chiseled silver, an exceedingly picturesque note.

Another gift was a very low gray torpede touring car of sixty horse-power. The model a perfect one, set on a gold-mounted dressing case, made all the guests' mouths water.

The bride's brother's gift was a riding horse, an Irish hunter. The model was done in clay by a girl sculptor. There were several other gifts also reproduced in miniature, among them a motor boat and a biplane.

Like a "Jack" Johnson.

Irvin S. Cobb, the correspondent and author, was talking in Philadelphia about the German "Jack Johnsons," those deadly shells which explode with a tremendous discharge of greasy black smoke.

"These shells," said Mr. Cobb, "are to ordinary shells, as a bucking horse of the plains is to a park hack."

"A tenderfoot once mounted a bucking horse in Tin Can. He was hardly on before he was off again—off over the bucking horse's head."

"What's the matter?" said Three-finger Hoover.

"Why, she bucked," said the tenderfoot.

"Bucked?" said Three-finger. "Bucked? Go on! She only coughed!"

Many Animals Killed.

Large numbers of predatory animals were destroyed last year by federal forest officers in the national forests. More coyotes were slaughtered than any other animal, nearly 3,200 being killed. Wildcats were second in the casualty list; of these 533 meeting violent ends. Then came bears, the death list being 240. Other animals killed in considerable numbers were wolves, lynxes, and mountain lions. Over 40,000 acres in the Coconino forest were cleared of prairie dogs by the use of poison.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

MADE A LIGHTNING CHANGE

Occasion When Lord Salisbury Wrote Little Time in Getting into Dinner Costume.

The late Lord Salisbury, says Count Paul Vassili in his book, "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," shared with the rest of his family the defect of being rather careless in his dress and general appearance. Lord Odo Russell, who long represented England at Berlin, told Count Vassili this amusing little anecdote in illustration of that characteristic:

"One evening," says the count, "Lord Odo and I were chatting about Lord Salisbury's attitude toward his personal appearance—not ill-natured, for it is doubtful which of us had the greater admiration for the remarkable statesman in question—and Lord Odo laughingly mentioned to me his surprise when one day, after the dinner bell of the embassy had rung, he found Lord Salisbury, who was living there, still busy at work in his study."

"He rushed out," said the ambassador, "and before I had time to put aside the papers on the table, literally in three minutes, was back again ready for dinner. Now in that time he could not even have washed his hands, yet there he was in evening clothes! I could not help asking him, how he managed to dress so quickly. 'Oh, my dear Russell,' he said, 'any one can change his coat at once, and I had black trousers on already.'—The Youth's Companion.

To Herd Sheep With Aero.

Stanley Smith arrived here today, bound for New York, where he expects to buy an airship to round up the sheep on his 75,000-acre ranch at the foot of Crazy mountains in Montana.

Smith lives at Martinsdale, which has 40 inhabitants, each of whom has an automobile. He said he had used autos to round up his stock, but expects the airship to reduce the cost and expedite the speed about 25 per cent.

He has decided on a dirigible.—Chicago Dispatch to New York Herald.

Terrifying Styles.

"The Gorgons were mythological sisters, who had snakes for tresses instead of hair."

"Gee," muttered the high school girl, "it must have been tough to have to go out and gather a bunch of snakes whenever you needed a few extra puffs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A girl can't be blamed for forgetting a fellow when he forgets himself. Even the furrier is willing to admit that beauty is skin deep.

MAY BE COFFEE That Causes all the Trouble

When the house is afire, it's about the same as when disease begins to show, it's no time to talk but time to act—delay is dangerous—remove the cause of the trouble at once.

"For a number of years," wrote a Kansas lady, "I felt sure that coffee was hurting me, and yet I was so fond of it, I could not give it up. At last I got so bad that I made up my mind I must either quit the use of coffee or die."

"Everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered severely most of the time with palpitation of the heart. I frequently woke up in the night with the feeling that I was almost gone—my heart seemed so smothered and weak in its action. My breath grew short and the least exertion set me panting. I slept but little, and suffered from rheumatism."

"Two years ago I stopped using the coffee and began to use Postum and from the very first I began to improve. It worked a miracle! Now I can eat anything and digest it without trouble. I sleep like a baby, and my heart beats strong and regularly. My breathing has become steady and normal, and my rheumatism has left me."

"I feel like another person, and it is all due to quitting coffee and using Postum. For I haven't used any medicine and none would have done any good as long as I kept drinking with coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious, and cost per cup about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum. —Sold by Grocers